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MONSTERS ARE REAL AND
GHOSTS ARE REAL TOO.
THEY LIVE INSIDE US.
AND SOMETIMES
THEY WIN.
STEPHEN KING

The Misunderstood



35 0 2

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Hate is a very powerful thing. It is commonly misunderstood for annoyance. It's also commonly misunderstood as dislike, or other things. However, that is far from what hate really is. Hate is a disease, a pathogen that's kindled inside of us all. It lays dormant in all of us. Dangerous, waiting. Waiting for the right moment to strike. Waiting for us to slaughter each other. It knows, it feels. A parasite like no other. Dormant, it may be,

BUT WHEN IT'S SWITCHED ON.

NOTHING WILL STOP IT.

HATE is what has blossomed inside of me. HATE is my gasoline, it propels me, it guides me. ANGER is my flame. HATE is more dangerous than you could ever know. HATE is what drives me as I stand out at the edge of the forest. HATE is the emotion that drives me as I stand, looking out for my next victim, staring out through the night. HATE is what drove me to become what I was. The blood on my stainless steel ax glinted in the soft moonlight as I waited. I knew that she would be here, and I am ready.

I am the flame of ANGER.

I am the vessel of HATE.

I am the MISUNDERSTOOD.

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(I'd like to either make this a murder story, or a story of someone that went astray, but then love brought them back to being a decent story. However, you all do get to decide, and what I like probably doesn't matter. Now, write.)

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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